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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1910.

Vox Populi.

It is plain that "divine right" William of Germany, who claimed at Koenigsberg to be the chosen instrument through which the German people might hear the Vox Dei, has, in the rumblings of criticism that that speech brought forth, himself hearkened to the Vox Populi. For when he had the opportunity at Marienburg, he took occasion to explain:

When I represented myself, like my sainted father, as being under the protection of the Almighty and as working under the supreme commission of our Lord and God, I assumed that every honest Christian, whoever he might be, did the same. Whoever works in this spirit knows well that the cross imposes obligations. We should hold together in brotherly love, and we should leave to each race its peculiarities. The races and trade orginizations should join hands for common work and for meeting the state's necessities.

In the face of such a positive statement as this it is plain that the Emperor's word as to just what he did mean must be taken seriously, and we, who misunderstood him, must admit our mistake. He is Emperor "by grace of God," just as every man is what he is in the world, equally by the grace and under the providence of God.

More than this, the Marienburg speech is important for the assurance it gives that the Emperor is willing to leave to each race that comprises the German empire "its peculiarities," by which we may presume he means its religion and its language. If he is sincere in this it means a cessation of the attempt to Germanize the Polish provinces, to force the German language in the Polish schools.

Indeed, the Emperor's speech is one of marked conciliation. Frankly he joins hands with the business man of his empire, and the workingman, too. At present the workingmen of Prussia are practically disfranchised; if the Emperor means what he says, it means that he will work with them for a more generous franchise and a greater representation in the Prussian Diet.

It is to be hoped that Emperor William has been moved to this speech by promptings from within; from a generous and honest desire to serve his country as he best can serve it, by governing it well and justly. But it will not be forgotten, we fear, that the German Emperor is almost as astute a politician as Citizen Theodore Roosevelt. It may be that the great increase of power throughout Germany of the Social Democrats has given him pause and led him to see that, in these parlous days of republican thought, it might be wiser for the modern monarch to be carried on by the tide than to attempt to swim against it and be carried out to sea.

"Roosevelt's whisper is heard around the world," said a speaker before the League of Republican Clubs. But did any one ever hear him whisper?

Helping the Boys.

There are many organizations in America that are designed to aid American boys in growing up to be manly, self-helpful, self-reliant, and honest men. Many of them are exceedingly good and deserve support, but we feel sure that none among them promises such far-reaching and permanent benefits as the Boy Scouts movement, which seems rapidly to be growing. "The Boy Scouts of America" is an outgrowth of the movement started in England by Gen. Baden-Powell. In this country the movement was taken up by Ernest Seton Thompson, the well-known naturalist, who has associated with him Mr. Jacob Riis, the practical sociologist; W. D. Boyce, a wealthy publisher of Chicago; Dr. Luther Gulick, and Dan Beard, who had previously organized somewhat similar movements in "The Boy Pioneers" and "The Sons of Daniel Boone."

There has been some thought in the public mind, probably because Gen. Sir Baden-Powell has been so prominently identified with this movement, that the Boy Scouts is quasi-military in character. This is not so. It is military only in so far as the members of the organization are subjected to strict discipline of a military character; discipline, however, which is never made irksome, but which appeals with the strongest force to the honor and integrity of the boys themselves, and so is of the very highest moral and educational value.

We have not space here to go into the aims and principles of the Boy Scouts movement. These have been set forth at various times in The Washington Herald's news columns. But what we would urge is that every man and woman interested in good citizenship, in the future of the American boy—the father of the coming generation—should interest themselves in this movement and discover for themselves what it can do for boys.

It appeals to those very instincts in the boy that, wrongly used, make him a bad citizen. It teaches him to turn those instincts into the right channels. The lad who, inspired by the tales of the pioneers, wants to run away from home to fight Indians—and most healthy American boys have some such impulse at some time in their lives—make the very best Boy Scouts; for they are taught the craft of woodland and valley, rivers and mountains—are brought to see their kinship with nature. They are made self-reliant, because they are taught not only to help themselves, but to help others; and truth-telling and honor, they are brought to see, are not mere empty phrases, but things to be lived, that make life sweeter and nobler. And in England, where this phase is more important than it is here, the Boy Scouts are taught that class distinctions make no difference; money makes no difference, nor position—nothing but service and good work. There is absolutely no money-making scheme behind this movement; it is solely and simply a movement toward the good citizenship of the future, and as such it deserves the hearty support of all who are interested in good government and the welfare of the boy.

Remembering Inauguration Day, let us hope that Prof. Willis Moore will make no rash weather predictions for the day of the opening of the world's championship series.

Out of Politics.

By one stroke of his pen, President Taft has taken about 8,000 postmasters out of politics.

An idea of the good effect this order will have on the postal service may best be gained by a study of the results of a similar order which took some 1,200 consuls out of politics. The consular service was completely reorganized after this order went into effect. The evils of the old system have been corrected, and the motto of the consular service of to-day is "Efficiency."

The government now picks comparatively young men "who still have enthusiasm, energy, ambition, and the power of making a career, and lets them learn the consular business then, instead of taking men who have lived through the greater part of their lives and who have reached a time when they want rest." A consul is now commissioned like a naval or army officer; that is, he must demonstrate his fitness by standing a stiff mental and physical examination.

A consul ranks with a lieutenant or major general in the army, according as to whether he is a consul or consul general. His pay, from $2,000 to $12,000, is more than that of the young army or naval officer.

His promotion depends entirely on the efficiency with which he discharges his duties. An efficiency record is kept in the State Department, in which every especially good thing a consul does is entered to his credit, and every poor thing he does is entered to his discredit. These reforms have been productive of much good. The new system gives the consul an incentive to do good work which was lacking under the old regime. Promotion being on a basis of merit, the consul looks on the service as a career, and not as a reward for past political service.

Consular appointments are now allotted to the various States in proportion to their representation in Congress. Senators from the various States are consulted about the character and fitness of applicants from their respective constituencies. A Democratic Senator is consulted if the applicant's State is represented in the Senate by a Democrat. In case the State is not represented in the consular service, the Senators from the State are asked to recommend candidates for positions. It is not a matter of politics; it is simply recognition of the Senate's concurrence in nominations which the Constitution requires.

These reforms were begun under the last administration and have been continued and made effective under President Taft, and are deserving of the highest praise, as they have given us a consular corps which in personnel and achievements is acknowledged to be the best in the world.

When that English tariff "expert" tells us that Free Trade in England has robbed the English workingman of his farm, we rise to inquire when in the world did the English workingman have a farm?

Sport!

If that Vanderbilt Cup race is to be characterized as sport, then we believe that the right-thinking American public has had about enough of it. Four men killed and numerous spectators injured, some of them crippled for life, tells the tale, and, in heaven's name, for what? It has not been so long since we were all outspoken in a burst of righteous indignation over a prize fight between two men out at Reno, and our talk was all of the brutality of the contest, in which, after all, no one was seriously injured. We have, as a people, protested against our football rules as allowing brutality and resulting in serious injury to our college students, and we have succeeded in getting the rules revised so that danger is reduced to a minimum. And yet in this Vanderbilt Cup race, held annually, we are acquiescent and complacent until after the race has been run, though each race, each year, is replete with horrors and takes its toll of death.

Part of this apathy of public sentiment is caused, doubtless, by the fact that Mr. Vanderbilt's name is associated with the race, but far predominating the sport of it is the commercial proposition, the money-making and advertising scheme.

Automobiling is a good sport, and the automobile industry, increasing yearly, is so full of keen competition that we can hardly blame the manufacturers for seizing on every opportunity to demonstrate the superior efficiency and strength and speed of their cars. But we believe that some less reckless and extravagant method should be devised than the Vanderbilt Cup race. This has degenerated into a veritable carnival of death. Such is queer human nature, that whenever men are found willing to risk their lives in some mad and dashing enterprise there will be found crowds of spectators willing to applaud them, and in this mad automobile race part of the toll of death comes from the spectators themselves, who, closely packed along the borders of the roadside course, are mowed down like sheep when one of the powerful machines goes wrong and leaves the track.

It should be remembered, too, that little genuine good can possibly be derived from these races. The country roads are not meant for such terrific speed as is developed in this contest. In any ordinary service no automobile would be allowed to travel at such a rate. In such races the spirit of emulation and competition becomes so high that the daring of the drivers pushes these machines to the limit, and beyond what they were meant to stand. No rubber tire has yet been made that will not give way under too great a strain. No one can be quite sure that there is not some hidden defect in the metal of the machines that, under the frantic urging of high speed and terrific strain, will give way and hurl the drivers to their death. And all for no good. Just to make a Roman holiday. The country is sickened at the spectacle and hopes that the Vanderbilt Cup race is a thing of the past. If the promoters do not stop it voluntarily, it is to be hoped that public sentiment will.

The Treasury Department says there will be no shortage of money this fall. For this assurance, many thanks!

Wisconsin insurgency is no longer a fledgeling when it can give La Follette a majority of over 100,000.

The crusade against the house fly is on the wane. Uncle Jack Frost will soon take up the work.

Whenever Kentucky gets a little bit out of the limelight, either the night-riders start a ruction or Marse Henry writes about the Man on Horseback.

There are 80,000 prisoners in jails in the United States, and not one of them is worrying about the cost of living.

But for those cut-rate funerals so constantly advertised in Baltimore possibly more people would be willing to live there and swell the census figures.

Lorimer's favorite poem is James Whitcomb Riley's "Let Something Good Be Said."

Mayor Gaynor in being able to say and to mean "No!" displays the true qualities of statesmanship.

John Hays Hammond says that the insurgents are not numerically strong, but they just seem so. Seem, my good Hammond? Nay; we know not seem!

"The work of the President is not the easiest in the country," says President Taft. According to Henry Watterson, unless we watch out, it may be after 1912: "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown."

Having unsuccessfully tried suicide, Miss Vera Fitch now can find a ready market for her stuff in the magazines. It pays to advertise.

The Census Bureau shows that American sheep have largely increased, and yet Wall street is complaining of a shortage of lambs.

The Woman's Temperance Union of Illinois is to fight the drink habit with apples. Mighty appropriate that the fruit that originally caused man's downfall should work for his uplift.

Studies at college are very onerous this fall. The dear boys are worrying to death over the new football rules.

A Chicago joker who evaded the fool-killer for over three-score years and ten pulled a chair from under his seventy-five-year-old wife, and she died from the shock.

They have passed a new law doing away with all gambling in Nevada. And yet Nevada mining stocks and Reno divorces are still allowed full swing.

The colonel will probably have even a "bullier" time pushing through his candidate for governor than he did his candidate for President.

THE MILLENNIUM.

When there's never a fly to be swatted,
And the skeeter has trilled his last trill,
When old-fashioned things are new thoughted
Till there's never a notion that's ill,
When there's nary a loud-voiced dissenter
To stir the political game,
When the papers report no storm center,
Now, honest, won't living seem tame?

When no one objects to food prices—
When butcher and grocer are fair—
When the landlord exhausts all devices
For fixing new kinks in your lair,
When we see the millennium dawning
And the fag end of hardship and crime,
Now, really—the thought sets us yawning—
How the deuce shall we put in our time?
—Denver Republican.

A Vacation Episode in Maine.
From the New York Sun.

A young man named Charlie who just returned from a vacation in Maine brought with him a wail against one phase of prohibition. It seems that his mother and sister were leaving their summer place some time before the young man planned to go. He invited two of his cronies to come and keep him company and they expected to have something of a time.

One of them couldn't come at the last minute and sent in his place a large box of drinkables. To get it into the State he had to mark in large letters on the outside "One qt. Scotch Whisky, 2 qts. gin, 2 qts. cocktails, 1 qt. rye whisky," &c.

The night before the young man's family left there was a little party of neighbors at the house. It was the sort of a party at which lemonade is the prevalent beverage. As they were sitting around a knock came at the door. Entered the village expressman, who carried into the room the box from the young man's rakish friend. He plumped it down in the center of the room and straightened slowly. Then he threw a bomb into the party when he exclaimed:

"Charlie, here's your rum!"

Good Old School Days.
From Everybody's Magazine.

The conductor of a Western freight train saw a tramp stealing a ride on one of the forward cars. He told a brakesman in the caboose to go up and put the man off at the next stop. When the brakeman approached the tramp, the latter waved a big revolver and told him to keep away.

"Did you get rid of him?" the conductor asked the brakeman, when the train was under motion again.

"I hadn't the heart," was the reply. "He turned out to be an old school friend of mine."

"I'll take care of him," said the conductor as he started over the tops of the cars.

After the train had made another stop and gone on, the brakeman came into the caboose and said to the conductor:

"Well, is he off?"

"No; he turned out to be an old school friend of mine, too."

POLITICAL COMMENT.

Progress of Slow Growth.
From the Milwaukee Free Press.

The factional insurgent press may rave over Mr. Roosevelt's personal and platform indorsement of the President. That is its ancient game, even if it is a game without justice or truth. But it is reaching the limit when it begins to question the sincerity of this man's proclaimed convictions because he has not seen fit to force them in toto upon a State that is not ready for their reception. The progressive movement in Wisconsin has been one of gradual growth. It will be the same in New York State, and if life is granted to Theodore Roosevelt he will there continue to fight the succeeding battles of progress.

Direct Nominations.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The leading subject of discussion in the practical politics of New York of late has been that of primary elections, and both party conventions have recorded themselves in favor of "direct nominations." It is very doubtful if either party, at this time, could have attained any such satisfactory result by direct nominations for State officers as each has attained through a representative convention.

His Habitual Luck.
From the Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Mr. Roosevelt, it seems, is not in good standing as an insurgent in Iowa. Incidentally, it may be remarked, Mr. Roosevelt is not working from now to November 8 for the election of a governor of Iowa. In view of the wide currency which will be given to his repudiation by the insurgent party, it may be remarked that Mr. Roosevelt is habitually lucky.

A Courageous Governor.
From the Kansas City Journal.

Gov. Hadley is quoted as saying that he is opposed to prohibition. It takes courage for a Missouri politician to say that, because a good many thousand voters in all parts of the State are in favor of it, and it is quite within the possibilities that the amendment may carry. But Herbert Hadley usually has the courage of his convictions.

Democratic Word for Tawney.
From the Philadelphia Record.

In remembrance of Mr. Tawney's unremitting labors in curbing extravagance by keeping down appropriations to the measure of income, he should have been kept in his seat. His sturdy support of Speaker Cannon was the error of a headlong friendship, which should have been readily forgiven him.

A Voice from South Carolina.
From the Spartanburg (S. C.) Journal.

It should not be set down against a Democrat of this State if he should shout a little for the Republican ticket in New York, for it represents progress, clean methods in government, the elimination of graft, and honesty in national, State, and municipal governments.

Bryan's Difficult Standard.
From the Omaha Bee.

The interesting test of Mr. Bryan's new theory of denying his support or giving it on moral grounds will come when his party makes its nomination for President in 1912. He has set up another difficult standard for himself.

A Touching Solicitude.
From the Indianapolis Star.

The standpatters are fully as enraged when they hear Roosevelt praising the President as they were a month ago because he didn't praise him. Oh, yes, their solicitude for the party is touching.

With T. R. at the Helm.
From the Austin (Tex.) Statesman.

Don't overlook the fact that we are drifting on a bad current, nationally speaking, and with a pilot like Teddy at the helm the rocks are sure to be landed on head foremost.

Behind the Times.
From the Cleveland Leader.

Bryan announces that Roosevelt is ten years behind the times. Considering how far back this puts Bryan, we must acknowledge that the statement is magnanimous.

CARNAGE IN NAME OF SPORT.

Hideous Phase of the Automobile Race for Vanderbilt Cup.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

In the reports of the performance on the roads of Long Island on Saturday, the details of the races were entirely subordinated to the accounts of the shocking carnage which attended them. The sacrifice of four lives and the serious injury of at least a score of persons in addition, most of the latter spectators, give a hideous aspect to what is undertaken under the name of "sport." That such a "bloody holiday" is possible in a civilized community is a sorry commentary upon its progress in all that makes for humane and intelligent enlightenment.

It in no way helps the matter to say that the victims, both racers and spectators, knew the dangers and took the risk. They should not have been allowed to use the public highways for the purposes of such an exhibition, and it is even doubtful whether such a contest, with its known perils, should be permitted within an inclosure to which admission is charged. In the present stage of the development of the automobile industry these contests serve no useful purpose. There may have been a time when lessons of endurance and experience in design and method were gained by auto racing, but that time has long passed. Such speeds can never be tolerated on roads used for other forms of travel, and the day is still so far distant when the automobiles shall be provided with roads reserved exclusively for themselves that the development of power and speed such as are displayed in these "cup races" is not only of no service to mankind, but is a distinct evil and menace. The one dominant lesson of Saturday's casualties is thet they are far too terrible a price to pay for any conceivable advantages that may accrue from the races.

A Mighty Hunter.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Against the charge that titled Englishmen are idle may be cited the fact that Earl de Grey has slain half a million wild creatures, so called. They were, in truth, about as wild as the average barnyard pullet, and had been driven within range in order that the earl might not be unduly fagged. It is not stated whether the earl was acting in the role of faunal naturalist or of plain butcher, but he must have been tolerably busy.

A Sure Barricade.
From the St. Louis Star.

Ryan—For who 're ye puttin' up a fince, Doyle, afther al' th' years ye've lived here widout?

Doyle—Well, th' fact is, Barney, th' docthor's bin at us t' take precautions again thim microbes ye've heard of.

FOUNDER OF THE ROTHSCHILD HOUSE

The anti-semitic press has remained unusually quiet on the unprecedented distinction conferred upon the two Rothschild brothers, Baron Albert and Baron Nathaniel, by Emperor Franz Josef, admitting them by special decree to the inner circles of the ultra-conservative Hofburg at Vienna. The daily press merely has chronicled the fact, and the one paper that ought to have not shown resentment, the ultra-radical Vorwaerts, launched into a venomous philippic.

The Rothschilds of to-day merely reap what the founder of the great banking family has sowed, and, with pride, when ennobled as a reward for their substantial aid to the countries of their adoption in crucial moments, when the very existence of those countries was endangered, they adopted as their motto the single word, "honor." The story of Mayer Ansel, the first Rothschild whom history records, has been printed often, but never yet an absolutely true statement of that occurrence which has made him the honored friend of rulers and has seated his progeny upon a pedestal of trust and honor seldom, if ever, equaled in history, especially not in the latter-day history of his co-religionists.

It was in the days of the Napoleonic upheaval. The "Grande Armee" had invaded Germany, had crossed the Rhine River, the natural boundary between Teuton and Gaul, had invested the cities on its triumphal march, had captured Mayence, the stronghold of the forces of the Grandduchy of Hesse, and was marching upon the city of Frankfort on the Main, then as now the leading commercial city and money market of Southern Germany; more than that, at that time the capital of the "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation." The reigning grand duke foresaw ruin and made ready to flee with his family, but he was loath to leave his valuables, his plate, and the grand ducal treasure behind as an easy prey to the greed of the victorious invaders.

There was in those days in Frankfort a Hebrew broker who did business at the sign of "das rothe schild," meaning the "red shield," and his name was Mayer Ansel. Be it understood that in those days, before the laws of commerce and legal responsibility compelled adoption of distinct family appellations, and before admitting the Jews to civil rights, they were principally known in their communities by their first names, to which was added a special designation to facilitate locating them. In this case it was the "broker at the red shield." This "red shield" is the world famous name of to-day, leading the world's finances and controlling untold millions.

How this came about? Even in those dark days of the Ghetto it had become pretty well known that the broker at the red shield was exceptionally honest in his dealings. The man had made a reputation for himself, which was not to be ignored and which bore fruit in time of need. The grand duke went to see Mayer Ansel and asked him to take charge of the treasure. The man refused. Times were too critical, he replied.

"At any rate, take the boxes," urged the sovereign, "they are safer here from pillage than in the palace at Cassel, and, of course, none can hold you responsible if you are despoiled."

Mayer Ansel knew the world. He was sure that some one would betray the secret to ingratiate himself with the victors, but on the other hand, he was a patriot; he was grateful to the country that had permitted him—the Jew—to settle, and to make a living and rear his family in peace. He accepted. The grand ducal treasure boxes that night were sent to his house, and next day the reigning family fled, for Napoleon's hordes were approaching the town.

The commanding general levied his tribute, a larger allotment than usual, for Frankfort was, for those days, a rich city. It was paid. Then he asked for more. This, too, under stress and after hardships, was forthcoming. Then he still wanted more. The city fathers had nothing left but an empty treasury, and the citizens had been despoiled of nearly all they possessed. Then that occurred which Mayer Ansel had predicted. The grand ducal secret was betrayed by his own subjects, and the broker's house was pillaged, the boxes filled with wealth were taken, and the Jew, in return for his faithfulness, barely escaped being shot by the French "for not at once turning the grand duke's riches over to the invading forces." As it was, they imprisoned him, took all his personal belongings, and left him a poor man.

Nothing daunted, Mayer Ansel started all over again, and prospered as before, as he was honest and people liked to deal with him. And he worked harder than ever, for had he not assumed the responsibility for the safety of the grand duke's wealth, and was he not in honor bound to make good, despite the fact that the wealth had been taken by the French? It had been his personal charge and he must pay for it.

The day came when, after many years of strife, peace once more was established and under the treaties the absent grand duke returned to his own. Mayer Ansel waited and waited, but no one ever appeared to claim the treasure. Finally he became worried. He feared that he had incurred the sovereign's displeasure and he went to see the grand duke, who received him very cordially.

"Highness," said the broker, "I have come to render my account of the stewardship of your treasure intrusted to me when the French came, but you will have to be gracious and take it in money."

"Why in cash?" said the grand duke.

"Because, Your Highness," said the broker, the French pillaged my house and I was unable to prevent their taking your wealth which you had intrusted to my care, but I had it all inventoried and the amount was 1,500,000 florins, and it is at Your Highness' command."

Well, the "Highness" knew better than to take the man's money.

"I know all about it, you faithful old soul," he said. "I know how you were robbed and thrown in jail for my sake; and do you suppose that I shall take from you the money for which you worked so hard, and which you hoarded in order to repay me that which others took from you? Not I. That money is yours. It does not belong to me, and I hope that it will be the nucleus of great wealth in your family."

Which certainly it was.

At a recent party given by Miss Fannie Reed, the aunt of Lady Arthur Paget, and who has the reputation of being a great matchmaker, fifteen noblemen, all after rich wives, were invited to meet Mrs. W. B. Leeds, who before her marriage was Miss Nonnie Stewart, of New York. The story goes that every one of those aristocrats proposed to the "dollar" widow before the evening was over, but with no success. FLANEUR.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Hard to Please.

"The girls vowed they would rather dance than eat."

"Well?"

"Now they're kicking because we added four waltz numbers and cut out some of the bill of fare."

Shop Talk.

"If we didn't have to give back any change, think of the money we merchants would make."

"We all have our troubles," said the magazine publisher. "Sometimes it irks me to have to print any reading matter, but I s'pose it must be done."

The Situation.

"I'm thinking of going to Oklahoma."

"Um."

"Would you do it?"

"Well, I don't know. I understand they've got all the white men there now that the Indians can support."

A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

A chauffeur wooed a suffragette;
Acquaintances report
That the romantic couple met
One day in court.

Their married life, so runs the tale,
Is happy and sublime;
For they are never out of jail
At the same time.

Somewhat Surprised.

"Why didn't your boy enter college?"

"He couldn't pass the examination."

"Do they have to pass an examination? I thought all a college boy needed was some funny clothes."

By Another Name.

"Then there is no bowing down to public men in America?"

"No; we call it respect for the office."

A Rare Case.

"He takes a cold bath every morning; a very remarkable man."

"Plenty of men do that."

"But I knew him for five years before he ever mentioned the fact."

PRISON REFORM SPREADING.

Dickens Pictured Jail Life in Compelling Manner.
From the Detroit News.

With the passing of the convict labor contracts in Michigan prisons will come a problem which warrants months of anticipation and preparation. Some of the contracts will expire in 1911, and some will persist until 1915. But the question: What shall be done with the convicts when the labor now provided shall be taken away? invites serious consideration. One of the best proofs that the world is growing better all the time, is the commonly charged attitude toward the criminal, who was once barred from all charitable consideration and regarded as an object upon whom to wreak vengeance. Our Federal Constitution showed the dawn of better sentiment when it forbade cruel and unusual punishments. Its founders, however, had little thought of bettering the condition of the convict. They merely revolted at the recollection of certain punishments once of common infliction.

Prison reform had its beginning in the labors of two of the noblest men of the eighteenth century, John Howard, an Englishman, and Marquis Beccaria, of Italy. Both were aristocrats who came into intimate association with prison life, Howard as a high sheriff, and Beccaria as a judge. Both men traveled extensively, investigating prison methods in their own countries, and then in other countries. Howard spent $150,000 in furtherance of prison reform. Beccaria published a treatise on crimes and punishments which was translated into all the languages of Europe. It started reforms which have progressing ever since, although the names of these two reformers have been forgotten by society at large.

Sharles Dickens was another reformer who held up before the public gaze the prison life of the criminal and of the poor debtor in a fashion that compelled reforms. When he came to the United States he reported worse conditions than prevailed in England. To-day the idea of vengeance is eliminated in the treatment of the criminal. Prisons have two main purposes. One is the protection of society from lawless individuals, and the other is the reform of the criminal. Within recent years a new purpose has developed because contract prison labor has been generally condemned as creating unfair competition for free labor, and the degradation of the prisoners for the profit of the contractors. Employment of convicts is necessary, but public opinion holds that they may best be employed on State account. The latest advance is to the opinion that the convict who labors under the supervision of prison officials is entitled to fair compensation above the cost of his keeping. Reform sentiment also agrees that the wages that are due under such a system should go toward the support of the convict or his natural dependents, if he has any.

Put the convict to work at fair wages upon any line of manufacture and sell his product on a fair footing with that of free labor and much of the objection disappears. It is the leasing of the labor of a convict to a contractor for 35 to 60 cents a day, then setting for him tasks for which free labor is paid $2.50 to $3.50 a day and selling his product under the rate at which the free manufacturer can afford to sell that has antagonized labor. But there is a far higher principle at stake. Any man who is sold into slavery feels degraded. Individual revolt against such a system makes dangerous men of many who are accidental or incidental criminals.

Disrespect for Uniform.
From the Brooklyn Standard-Union.

It might be well termed gross impertinence to dress a bell boy in the uniform of a United States army captain, and the public will surely side with Gen. Funston in his protest to the management of a Kansas City hotel. This is an instance of the foolish cheapening of a garb that stands for something—it might almost be said that downright disrespect for the honorable and dignified position of captain was displayed by the hotel in permitting such a thing. But before a too sweeping condemnation of the case in point be made it should be definitely known whether the management or the bell boy was responsible for the clothes he wore.

Work for Idle Hands.
From the Buffalo News.

That "we all like sheep have gone astray," or are likely to, seems to be the reason back of the proposal of one of the penologists at Washington to Bertillion and thumb-print every man or woman born into the world. It is a Minneapolis man, Albert L. Hall, who proposed this to the meeting of the American Prison Association, and he thinks the United States ought to do the job. Evidently Mr. Hall thinks the United States has little to do. It would be a fine, fat job—a chronic census gathering, much enlarged.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Berlin has solved the problem of making nonemployment respectable and self-respecting," said Harry B. Pardee, of Pittsburg, Pa., who visited the various European countries, making an exhaustive study of the subject of the unemployed. Mr. Pardee was seen at the Raleigh.

"The agency through which it is accomplished is a central labor exchange maintained through the co-operation of the municipality, workers, and trade unions. In splendid and extensive quarters of its own in the heart of the east central wholesale district, the Arbeits Nachweis zu Berlin places the man or woman in search of work on the same dignified trading level as the brokers who have produce to sell. It does more. On the Berlin labor exchange, while awaiting a market, labor is provided with a home which is a club house and mart combined.

"A model of German paternal organization and thoroughness," continued Mr. Pardee, "the labor exchange is operated at a cost of less than $25,000 a year. To see the simple machinery of this institution in motion—its entire operating staff is only twenty-seven—is to come away wondering at so practical a system for bringing the unemployed and working opportunities together on a basis of the paupering influence of charity.

"Any unemployed person may invoke the exchange's work-finding facilities on payment of a registration fee of 5 cents. If the job seeker be a member of any of the trade unions, which contribute as organizations to the upkeep of the exchange, he is exempt from payment of the registration fee. For a country famous for red tape amazingly few formalities, and these of the simplest sort, are required to be gone through. A man or woman steps up to a window like a bank teller's and fills an application form for registration, on which it is required to state name, age, whether married or single, last place of employment, how long out of work, and in what occupation last engaged. Upon payment of the registration fee a receipt of membership card is issued, which entitles the holder to the privileges of the exchange for three months. This institution is open in spring, summer, and autumn from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., and in winter from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. In the skilled trades special hours are set apart for various industries so that different trades may use the same quarters at different times.

"Connected with the exchange there are meeting rooms, libraries, gymnasiums, dining-rooms, and every requisite of a first-class clubhouse. In the dining-room a cup of coffee with milk and sugar sells for 1 cent, a glass of beer 1 cent, a sandwich, a slice of sausage, or a portion of salad, 3 cents. Of course, there may be had regular dinners including everything, but the prices are ridiculously low.

"I often wondered why an enterprising American corporation has not long ago organized an institution of this kind in this country. It would help so much to assist those out of employment. Organized labor in America is strong, wealthy, and influential; there is no good reason why its leaders should not take a leaf out of Germany's experiences and do something for the men and women who are seeking work here."

C. L. Hooper, a manufacturer of woolens, of Philadelphia, who is at the Shoreham, discussing Democratic political prospects this fall, said: "It is absolutely necessary for the purity of American politics and public life that there should be two or more political parties. It would never do to have one party and give this party full power to do as it pleases in public matters and questions concerning the public welfare. Corruption would run wild and the country would go to ruin before very long.

"Conceding this much, I should add, however," continued Mr. Hooper, "that the Democratic party while in power has never benefited public prosperity in any shape or form. Quite the contrary is the case.

"There are weighty reasons why the Democrats should be defeated at the polls this fall. Another fallacy is to economize in the government. I am in favor of extensive shipbuilding programmes. I should advocate the erection of public buildings everywhere; of improving rivers and harbors; of a merchant marine; of building roads and highways throughout the United States; of appropriating money for the purpose of encouraging American art, and many other things. There is no reason why the great United States, the wealthiest country in the world, should not spend money freely on public improvements. Every cent spent in this manner will find circulation among the working people and create happiness among them."

"It would be difficult to conceive of a weaker argument in favor of the Canadian navy project than the one put forward by its jingo supporters," said George C. Sterling, of Ottawa, Canada, who is at the Arlington, "namely, that Canada without a navy would become the prey of Germany in the event of a war between that country and England. The Monroe doctrine," continued Mr. Sterling, who is a native American, "backed up by the might of the American people, would prove a stronger bulwark than a few Canadian coast guards. Even in all the turmoil of the civil war the American nation was keenly alive to the events that were taking place in Mexico, and at its close the determined assertion of the Monroe doctrine led to the withdrawal of the French troops.

"Just as in that case the United States ranged itself in virtue of the Monroe doctrine upon the side of Mexico, so any attempt by Germany to land troops in Canada or to intervene there in any shape or form would bring the United States into the field. The American people will keep the principle of the Monroe doctrine inviolate at no matter what cost. That determination provides a better defense of the Anglo-Canadian status quo than could be provided by a few Canadian warships. There is just another way of looking at the determination of the Canadian government to build a navy. That is whether Canada in conjunction with England at some future date would war against the United States, which, however, seems altogether out of the question."

A Correction.
From Lippincott's Magazine.

The habit of contradicting sometimes "o'erleaps itself" unwittingly.

"I've heard it said," remarked a lounger at the choss-roads store, "that John Henderson over by Woodville was one of eighteen sons."

"That's whar ye heerd wrong," contributed the chronic kicker. "T'wan't John Henderson at all. 'Twas a brother o' his'n."

Up and Down.

One thing you'll find when you are up
The downers like your uppers.
But even they with you won't sup
When you are on your uppers.
—Detroit Free Press.